

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon tuning a lygge?
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,
And Critticke Tymon laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;
And gentle Longanill, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.

Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ioane? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.

Iagu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Iagu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.

He reads the Letter.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Iagu. Of Costard.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Clo. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not
feare it.

Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
heare it.

Dum. It is Berownes writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deferue to die.

O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

Kin. Hence firs, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs embrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
chine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
That (like a rude and sauage man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient brest?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd souerainity,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheek,
Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethorick, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiescore winters wome,
Might shake off fittie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?

A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?

That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,

If that she learne not of her eye to looke:

No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:

And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,

It mournes, that painting vsurping haire

Should rauish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.

Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,

For natue bloud is counted painting now:

And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,

Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,

For feare their colours should be washt away.

Kin. I were good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,

He finde a fairer face nor washt to day.

Ber. He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Dum. I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deare.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the freets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too daintie for such tread.

Dum. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?

The Street should see as she walk'd ouer head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good Berowne now proue

Our louing lawfull, and our sayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,

Some tricks, some quillies, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum. Some salue for peritrie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,

Haue found the ground of studies excellence,

Without the beauty of a womans face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I deuine,

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long during action tyres

The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.

Now for not looking on a womans face,

You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:

And studie too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:

Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,

And where we are, our Learning likewise is:

Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,

With our selues.

Doe we not likewise see our learning there?

O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,

And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:

For when would you (my Leage) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation haue found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes

Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:

Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:

And therefore finding barraine practizers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,

Liues not alone emured in the braine:

But with the motion of allelements,

Courtes as swift as thought in euery power,

And giues to euery power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye:

A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.

A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.

When the suspicious head of chaste is stoopt,

Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,

Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bacchus* grosse in taste:

For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules labour?

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?

Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically, as *Peregrine*.

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.

And when Loue speaks, the voyce of all the Gods,

Make heauen drowlie with the harmonic.

Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,

Vntill his lute were tempred with Loues sighes:

O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,

And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.

From womens eyes this doctrine I deuine:

They sparle still the right promethean fire,

They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achadems,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world:

Else none at all in ought proues excellent.

Then fooles you were these women to forswear:

Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,

For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:

Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:

Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.

Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,

Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.

For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:

And who can seuer loue from Charity?

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords.

Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these gloses by,

Shall we resolute to wooe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,

Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,

Then homeward euery man attach the hand

Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solace them:

Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,

Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,

And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:

Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,

If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scur-
rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im-
pudency, learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a compa-
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Don Adriano de Armado.

Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maiestically, and his generall behavi-
our vaine, ridiculous, and thraconicall. He is too picked,
too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-
grinat, as I may call it.

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Curat.